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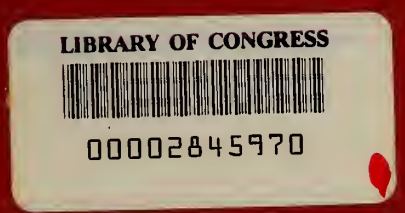

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JACOBINISM;

A POEM.

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havock yonder world! MILTON.

LONDON:

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TO THE

ACKNOWLEDGED TASTE,

IN

POLITE LITERATURE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM SCOTT,

THE

FOLLOWING LINES ARE HUMBLY SUBMITTED,

AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

In the rapid and very imperfect detail of facts, which is affixed to the following poetical effort, the Author has endeavoured to lay open, to the notice of the common reader, the *sources* of modern disaffection and infidelity. Whatever may have been the fate of either the French or German sect, *as such*, their writings unfortunately remain; and are too frequently obtruded upon this country by unprincipled booksellers, and needy translators.

Whether the war, in which we are at present engaged, is to be shortly terminated, or not, it is surely expedient that the principles of the French atheist, and the German infidel, be combated and exposed. Indeed, the prospect of an approaching peace renders such an attempt still more necessary;

as all obstacles to national intercourse will then be removed, and the torrent of Continental infidelity pour in upon us without interruption. It should be remembered also, that the rising generation of France has confessedly been educated in infidel principles; it has been taught from infancy to spurn at revelation, and to treat every idea of religion with derision and contempt: the consequences of which, to this nation, at no remote period, it is more easy to anticipate, than to obviate.

The writer speaks from his own knowledge, when he affirms, that infidelity, since the French revolution, has made rapid strides in this country, even among the middle ranks. One can seldom go into the company of a dozen people, without meeting with at least one or two professed infidels; who, if the conversation should take a certain turn, will not scruple to avow, and even glory in their tenets, vile and despicable as they are, picked up from the plays, the novels, the romances, the philosophism of the day: and he is sorry to observe, that too many of our periodical publications, instead of

checking, take no small pains to spread, the contagion. While these facts are too apparent, can it be said that the spirit of Jacobinism is evaporated? What is Jacobinism, but an insidious fiend, that prowls about the world, stimulating mankind to resist the necessary energies of human jurisdiction, to disbelieve in revelation, and even to doubt the existence of God? Is there no such spirit working, at this moment, in this country? Shall we be told that this is a mere chimera, a phantom tricked out by ignorance and conceit, at the very time the nation is imbibing its poisonous blasts, and feels them rankling in its vitals? Look into society of all descriptions, and you will find the peer, the private gentleman, the merchant, the tradesman, the mechanic, and even the women, tainted with this pest.

On the other hand, the Author is persuaded that there are many, very many, real Christians amongst us; that, compared with the rest of Europe, notwithstanding the depravity of our manners, and the defection of our faith, we may truly and emphatically be styled a Christian country. He is likewise

proud to add, what he acknowledges with gratitude to Providence, that, in point of talents and erudition, Christianity perhaps never had abler advocates than are to be found at this period in Great Britain. He trusts, therefore, it is not presumptuous to hope, that here the great stand will be made—that, whilst Christianity is insulted and persecuted on the Continent of Europe, in this Island she will continue to be protected; and by the support of British virtue, and British abilities, ultimately triumph over all her opponents.

JACOBINISM.

ESCAPED from London in a favour'd hour,
O Sunning,* fold me in thy verdant bower;
O hide me, wandering through their dewy glades,
Deep in the bosom of thy wildest shades!
Once more, once more these ravish'd eyes behold
My native soil, its well-known scenes unfold;
The favourite lime, high-waving o'er the hill,
The park, the farm, the steeple, and the mill;
Hills far remote, and gentle swells, array'd
In all the green luxuriancy of shade;
Enchanting valleys, gay in flowery pride,
Where Thames enamour'd winds his lingering tide;
Or where the Loddon's virgin-waters stray,
And unobtrusive win their silent way.—
Hail, loved Lodona!† dear romantick stream!
The forest's glory, and the poet's theme!
On whose wild banks, in childhood, oft I stray'd,
And, pleased, among thy quivering alders play'd;

* A village on the banks of the Thames, between Reading and Henley.
† See Pope's Windsor Forest.

Or paced with truant foot the sweet domain,*
Where polish'd Braybroke holds his gentle reign.
Lone, as I muse, in this auspicious hour,
Thou, goddess, Memory, wake thy magick power!
O lead my willing steps to yonder grove,
Where my young heart first felt the throb of love,
Felt the strange rapture of an amorous sigh,
And drank the witching glance of Celia's eye!
O hours of painful bliss, of hope, of dread,
Of maddening transport—whither are ye fled?
As o'er her hand's harmonious skill I hung,
And heard the liquid musick of her tongue;
To whom my earliest *secret* vows were given,
Whose look was rapture, and whose smile was heaven!
Dear, conscious forest! thy embowering maze
Along, once more, thy fond enthusiast strays——
Oft have I wept, thy noon-tide shades among,
My hopeless passion, my unheeded song;
Oft in thy bosom pour'd the frantick strain,
And taught thy midnight echoes to complain.
Awhile 'tis given through many a scene to rove,
Improved by friendship, or endear'd by love;
And, fondly loitering in my native shades,
To hold sweet *dalliance* with the Aonian maids;
Or pensive wander, in the vacant hour,
Round the wild heath, or Woodley's peaceful bower;†

* Billingbear, a seat belonging to Lord Braybroke.

† A seat of the Right Hon. Henry Addington, contiguous to Bulmarsh Heath, in the neighbourhood of Reading.

Where, sick of clamour, and the toils of state,
Bless'd by the poor, and honour'd by the great,
With all the Christian's love, the patriot's fires,
From Fame's loud clarion Addington retires.—
Ill fares the poet, in these listless days,
Who *courts regard*, or, *toiling, pants for praise:*
In vain Apollo darts the inspiring ray,
And the Nine Virgins prompt the impassion'd lay;
Nocturnal revels, trade's unfeeling throng,
And the loud dice-box, drown the Muses' song.
For bold achievements on the adventurous course,
To train at once the jockey and the horse;
To mould, with cautious art, the gilded lure,
Some venal borough's suffrage to secure;*

* We may, with too much truth, I fear, be denominated a nation of parliamentary politicians, of traders, and gamblers: patronage and protection, therefore, with few exceptions, can only be procured by borough connexions, by a promptitude to improve commercial speculation, or by a competent knowledge of the turf. With these essential requisites a man has some chance to get forward in the world: without them, whatever may be his other qualifications, he may safely reckon on being neglected, or despised—a mighty pleasant prospect this for dependant genius to contemplate! But it is no wonder that men of genius should meet with indifference and contempt from the herd of mankind, when the late Lord Orford, who was himself not only an author, but proud and ambitious of the character, could write thus: "Want of protection is the "apology for want of genius. Milton and Fontaine did not write in the bask "of court favour. A poet may want an equipage, or a villa, by wanting pro-"tection; he can always afford to buy ink and paper." To this very humane and delicate remark, Mr. D'Israeli, in his admirable Essay on the Literary Character, makes the following reply: "It is true, the favour of a court knighted Blackmore, and pensioned Quarles; and both were miserable poets: but if a court cannot convert dull men into men of genius, it may preserve men of genius from becoming dull men. It might have afforded Dryden that

To pant for breath in Astley's vulgar clime,
Or frisk and sport in Gordon's sphere sublime;*
The magick strains of Handel's Muse to shun,
From nature, Shakspeare, and from sense, to run;
To hang in rapture o'er a tortured note,
Convulsed and dying in a eunuch's throat.†—
These stamp the features of the modern day,
The proud distinctions of the great and gay!

studious leisure which he ever wanted, and which has given us imperfect tragedies, and incorrect poems, in lieu of finished compositions, and the regular flights of a noble genius. As for the equipage and villa of the poet, these he leaves to the idle connoisseur, the illiterate musician, and the vain actor. Nor must we consent to the insulting observation, that he may always buy ink and paper. Is it sufficient for a delicate and sensitive mind to have such implements to awaken the brilliancy of imagination? Is the picture uncommon, to see a great genius with his pens and paper on the table, leaning over them in that secret agony of spirit, which murders fancy, and spreads a torpor on the soul? Had Chatterton been protected, not with an equipage or a villa, but with a pension, the youth had not perished: but this unhappy poet instructs us that pens and paper are not the only requisites to cherish genius."

If it be urged that the publick are the best patrons, I reply, that the publick are more munificent patrons than princes, provided that the genius of an author happens to take a popular turn. But of authors, few can be popular; for most of the departments of literature require the study of many years, and cannot be perfected till a late period.

* Her Grace, it is said, was the first person of fashion who introduced the practice of dancing at routs, &c. which has tended, in some degree, to check the propensity to gambling, and to enliven a scene almost as absurd and insipid in itself, as an English masquerade.

† The author presumes not to meddle with the idolized science of musick; he will only venture to observe, that the encouragement which has been given in this country to the regular practice of importing unhappy mutilated beings, to gratify a depraved and effeminate taste, is highly criminal, in a moral sense, and, at the same time, stamps indelible disgrace on the character of a great and warlike nation.

When June's hot suns with envious rage look down
On the long lingering winter of the town;
When Bond-street's promenade invites no more,
And the vain contest of the rout is o'er;
Where shall the peer display his close-cropp'd hairs,
And high-born misses *sport* their mannish airs?
From pastoral scenes, from Flora's fragrant reign,
The world of fashion rushes to the *main;*
Forsakes the breathing mead, the silent shade,
For squabbling raffles, and the throng'd parade;
And pleased prefers to Thames' translucent flood,
The sweets of sea-weed, and sublime of mud.†
The enervate mind by dissipation charm'd,
By pleasure heated, and by sloth disarm'd,
Hails the new dawn on Gaul's polluted shore,
And drinks with fatal thirst its poisonous lore.

* Of such preposterous and pliant materials is the fashionable world composed, that it can stoop occasionally to imitate the customs and manners even of those whom it affects to despise. Till very lately, our watering-places were visited, almost exclusively, by genuine unsophisticated cits; who, incapable of relishing the elegant pleasures of retirement, cannot exist out of a crowd; and therefore wherever they go, carry London along with them; that is, their division of it, its vulgar manners and dissipations. But, at present, our nobility and gentry, instead of enjoying the little time they can afford to deduct from the routs, the exhibitions, and promenades of the metropolis, at their own terrestrial paradises, repair in shoals to Brighton, Margate, &c. and waste the finest season of the year, which was once devoted to the admiration and improvement of rural scenery, the accommodation of their tenants, and the comfort of their dependants, in the frivolous and childish amusements of these modern Bethesdas.

Train'd in that school, by England's demon rear'd,
Where St. John ranted, and where Cooper sneer'd,*
O'er courts and thrones, in Europe's evil hour,
Voltaire's black genius gain'd the ascendant power;†
And by Satanick pride, relentless, driven
To desperate deeds, waged impious war with Heaven.
Sleeps the red vengeance in the stores of fate?
When man, poor reptile of a moment's date,
With hostile scorn derides the improving rod,
Rejects the love, and dares the bolt, of God!
In vain Redemption's Lord benignly lends
His aid, in vain prevenient grace descends;
No blessings issued from the Eternal Throne,
No showers of mercy melt his heart of stone;

* "At a time when licentiousness in opinion still met with obstacles in "France, Voltaire sought an asylum in England. He there found men whom "the writings of Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, &c. had trained up to Deism. He "mistook them for philosophers, and was persuaded that they alone were "esteemed by the English. All those sophists whom Voltaire extols as the glory "of Great Britain, if not forgotten, are more despised than read. Collins and "Hobbs, when remembered, are classed with Tom Paine. An Englishman's "good sense does not allow him to hate religion, or make an ostentatious "display of impiety. With him nothing is less philosophical, notwithstanding "his toleration and variety of creeds, than that affected hatred to Christianity "which marks our sophists." *Abbé Baruel's Memoirs.*

† Voltaire regularly corresponded with many crowned heads, and with an infinitude of Landgraves, Margraves, Dukes, Princes, and nobility of all descriptions; into whose minds he took effectual care to instill his infidel principles.

The throne of Great Britain presents an illustrious exception to this observation, and proves the inefficacy of the most specious and artful insinuations, on a mind properly guarded by virtue and religion.

Through life's protracted date, untamed by age,
The hoar blasphemer vents his envious rage;
Till, crush'd at length by Heaven's avenging ire,
His soul distracted, and his brain on fire,
He starts in frantick agony, to hear
The last dread summons thundering in his ear!
Still o'er his couch despair horrifick hangs—
Convulsed and writhing in the harpy's fangs,
(While from his sight the day's pure lustre steals,)
Deep in his heart its murderous bite he feels.*
With subtler poison to inflame the heart,
The Swiss magician† wakes his wonderous art—

* Voltaire, perceiving his death at hand, sent for the Abbé Gaultier, in whose presence he made a declaration that he died in the catholick faith, hoping that the divine mercy would pardon all his sins; and if he had offended the church he entreated forgiveness. Immediately after his bedchamber was besieged by Diderot, D'Alembert, &c. but they came only to be witnesses of their master's misery, and their own disgrace. When they appeared, he loaded them with curses and reproaches. "Begone (said he), for it was you who brought me to this condition."—Then, by turns, he began to call upon God and to blaspheme him. With an accent of remorse he repeated—Jesus Christ. Then he complained that he was abandoned of God and of men. His physicians, and in particular M. Tronchin, came to offer their assistance; but they went out, declaring that they had seen the terrible spectacle of a wicked man dying. M. Tronchin affirmed that the furies of Orestes were nothing to those of Voltaire; and the Marechal de Richelieu, who witnessed this dismal scene, withdrew with horror, repeating, "it is too much; it is impossible to bear it!" See *Appendix*, Art. I.

† "When we see another (Voltaire) exhausting all the powers of a most fer-
"tile genius, in ridiculing the dispensations of the God who gave it; making
"the most awful subjects of religion the constant sport of his licentious wit:
"and continuing to sit with unabated levity in the seat of the scorner, till he
"drops from it into the grave—When we see a third *(Rousseau)* with the
"strongest professions of sincerity and good faith, proposing most humbly what

How throbs the unpractised bosom, warm and frail,
O'er Eloisa's soft, seductive tale!
Soft as the musick of the vocal grove,
He pours the thrilling strains of lawless love;
Soft as the enamour'd virgin's melting lay,
Or Zephyr panting on the breast of May.
To plunge a guilty world in penal woes,
The scourge of God, Bavarian Weishaupt rose——
In wild illusion's mystick chains to bind
The heaven-descended energies of mind,
And lead them trembling from their native sphere
To join the groveling passions' mad career;
Cloud the bright dawn of Virtue's sacred reign,
And stab Religion in her mental fane;
To burst the deleterious springs of Strife,
And wind their tainted streams thro' human life;
More horrid than Cocytus' baleful flood,
Swell'd with unceasing tears, and foul with blood;
In secret brooding o'er his fateful spell,
The incarnate demon seal'd black leagues with hell.*
By these engender'd, by the Furies bred,
A blood-fed monster rears his Gorgon head;

" he calls his *doubts* and *scruples*, and thereby creating them in the minds of " others; extolling one part of Christianity in order to subvert the rest; retain- " ing its moral precepts, but rejecting its miracles, and all its characteristick " doctrines: giving an air of speciousness to the wildest singularities, by the " *most exquisite graces of composition*, and insidiously undermining the founda- " tions of the Gospel, while he pretends to defend it."——*Sermons by the present " Bishop of London*, ed. 6 Vol. I. p. 27.

* See Appendix, Art. II.

The day's bright planet sickens to behold,
And shrouds, in deepest gloom, his beams of gold;
Earth shrinks his eye's detested glare beneath,
And life recoiling withers in his breath!
Roused by his roar, and new to human kind,
Demoniack phrensy fastens on the mind;—
Unheeded, starting from his cave profound,
With cautious step, Sedition prowls around;
In every ear he pours the insidious tale,
In every land the glozing lies prevail;
In every breeze that wakes the orient day,
The subtle hell-hound snuffs his destined prey.
High o'er the Cross see atheist banners wave!
See Desperation triumph o'er the grave!
See man renounce his title to the skies,
And join the brute, that labours, feeds, and dies!
How long, O France, on thy devoted shore,
The dogs of havock howl'd for human gore!
As o'er thy throne their murderous glance they threw,
All comfort died, and the last hope withdrew——
All worldly comfort—that, which Virtue gives,
Unhurt, on wheels, and free in prisons, lives;
The tyrant's malice, and his axe defies,
Spurns the low earth, and mounting claims the skies.
To fiends, exulting o'er the atrocious deed,
More horrid deeds, and blacker fiends succeed:
The parent's deep and agonizing sigh,
The virgin's shrieks, and infant's trembling cry,

The tears of love, the virtues of the sage,
The strength of youth, and feebleness of age,
All plead in vain—the weak, the fair, the good—
The insatiate scaffold drinks their streaming blood;
Or round the uplifted pike empaled they writhe,
Or sink in crowds the whelming wave beneath;*
Forth rush the fiends, hell breathes her hottest ire,
Loud yells the monster, and the world 's on fire!
Serenely stern, the desolating storm
Amidst, Britannia lifts her awful form;
With firm, undaunted step ascends her car,
Collects her might, and calls forth all her war:
Her ire the lightning of her eye reveals;—
Sedition gasps beneath her burning wheels;
Infuriate Discord grinning spurns her chain,
And foil'd Rebellion bursts his curb, in vain;
Still, as they fly, the yell of death to lose,
The avenging spear destruction-wing'd pursues.
O, blind to good, to Reason's piercing ray,
Who, self-devoted, spurn her equal sway!

* The common mode of putting people to death by the guillotine, being found too slow to gratify the insatiable vengeance of the lovers of liberty and equality, new methods of punishment were invented. Multitudes of the suspected were thrown into the river Loire, or set adrift on the sea, in drowning-boats. At Lyons, the unhappy victims were collected in a public square, and destroyed by grape-shot. It is computed that, from the beginning of the revolution, to the end of the year 1795, 2,000,000 of the unfortunate natives of France were massacred in cold blood; of whom were 250,000 women, 230,000 children, and 24,000 clergy.

Far other rage their patriot bosom fired,
Rage, which the Genius of the Isle inspired,
Who dragg'd the tyrant, struggling to recede,
And first disarm'd him on the well-known mead:
Thy shades, imperial Windsor, waving nigh,
Re-echoed to the shout that tore the sky;
Thames heard the peans rising from the plain,
And rush'd exulting to the guardian main.

Such was the ardour, such the generous rage,
That glow'd instinctive in the heroick age,
When Britain, glorying in her cause, withstood
Gaul's polish'd ruffian, drunk with human blood.
For this, Nassau the rage of battle led,
For this, the ill-fated Schomberg fought and bled;*
For this, through charging hosts, great Marlborough press'd,
While Victory hover'd o'er his flaming crest;
France shrunk dismay'd beneath his name alone,
And her gay tyrant trembled on his throne;
Exulting Europe echoed loud acclaim,
While Anna gloried in her hero's fame:—
In vain the unconquer'd warrior toil'd, in vain
Led the long triumphs of her splendid reign;—
A woman's idle malice fix'd his doom,
And all his laurels wither'd in their bloom.

Strong in new powers, again, o'er states and kings,
Insulting Gaul her iron sceptre flings;

* "The Duke of Schomberg was accidentally killed by his own troops, at "the battle of the Boyne." *Smollet, in continuation of Hume's History of England.*

Her secret hand more fatal weapons wields
Than those of slaughter, in embattled fields;
With cautious skill her sophist crew she arms,
And pours o'er every land their locust-swarms;
Discord, dire fiend, their murderous rout pursues,
And, as they prompt, her harpy screams renews;
Fell Havock hears, and, ravenous for blood,
Exulting bathes him in the reeking flood;
Revenge unshackled, Rapine raging near,
And Desolation, close the dreadful rear.

Again Britannia rushes to the field,
Again she rears her adamantine shield;—
Above the human tempest's madd'ning clime,
Still rising in her might, she soars sublime;
Bids the dire vengeance of her thunders roll,
And shakes the prostrate world from pole to pole.
'Tis hers, alike to vanquish, or relieve,
Provoked, to punish, or implored, forgive:
Whose guardian arm the drooping exile rears,
Whose bounty feeds him, as her pity cheers;
Gives him to range her hills, and catch the gales
That wake the verdure of her happy vales.

In sullen grief, amidst her ravaged state,
See lost Batavia brooding o'er her fate!
No more her ports display their boasted stores,
While Commerce dozes on her desert shores:—
Once the proud rival-mistress of the waves,
The scourge of tyrants, and the dread of slaves,

Now trampled in the dust, she sits forlorn,
Of friends the victim, and of foes the scorn;
Suppress'd, extinguish'd, all her wonted fires,
While Freedom, lingering, with a sigh retires.
Alarm'd, and conscious of her native might,
Lo! Austria rises to the *unequal* fight!
Some secret spell her awful march detains,
Or all the efforts of her strength restrains.—
See her young hero, panting to engage,
Leads on the war, and bids its thunders rage!
Sage conduct, resolution void of fear,
And perseverance aid his proud career.
The glorious toils of many a well-fought day,
In vain his valour, and his skill display;
The *sect*, enveloped in mysterious shades,
Alike the field and cabinet invades;*
Tears from his honour'd brow the victor's plume,
And blasts his laurels bursting into bloom.
So, Rome's unsated rapine to oppose,
The Punick chief,† the great avenger, rose:—

* We may thus be enabled to account for the extraordinary success of the French General, Custine, in the campaign which he made in Germany. This man was neither distinguished for talents nor bravery; he was not supported by a numerous army, nor a formidable artillery; yet in the course of a few months he took the strong towns of Worms, Spires, and Mentz. But the gates of these fortresses were opened to him by the treachery and influence of the Illuminati and Jacobins, who swarmed on the confines of Germany and France. There is no doubt that the same influence was exerted, and the same means used, at subsequent periods; particularly during the time the Archduke Charles had the command of the Austrian forces.

† Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor, &c. *Æneid.* lib. iv. v. 625.

In vain the aerial Alps before him throw
Their icy barriers of eternal snow;
In vain the unfathomed caves of death display,
And all the horrors of the impervious way;
With ceaseless toil their arduous heights he gains,
And fierce descending on the Hesperian plains,
Sweeps o'er their surface, like a mountain-flood,
And gluts his dire revenge with Roman blood.*
But, fatal source of all her future woe!
His thankless country shields a greater foe:—
And thus, when Rome's gigantick prowess fail'd,
Domestick strife, and factious rage prevail'd;
While Carthage fell, and Africk's mighty lord,
By Hanno's rancour, more than Scipio's sword.†

* The hereditary hatred which Hannibal bore to the Romans, was probably heightened by their pertinaciously insisting on his being delivered up to them after the destruction of Saguntum; the refusal of which, by the Carthaginian senate, was the immediate occasion of the second Punick war.

† We are informed by Livy, that the Carthaginians, elated with their victory at Cannæ, and thoroughly sensible of the enmity which Hanno and his faction bore to the Barcan family, of which Hannibal was at that time the head, immediately decreed a supply of 64,000 foot and horse, besides elephants, and a very considerable sum of money. Though Hanno had not weight enough in the senate to prevent that decree, yet he had sufficient influence, by his intrigues, to retard the supply then voted; and not only to get it reduced to 12,000 foot, and 2,500 horse, but even to procure that small force to be sent to Spain upon a different service. That Hanno was the true cause of this cruel disappointment, and the fatal consequences which attended it, is equally evident from the same historian. For he tells us that when orders were sent to Hannibal, by the Carthaginian senate, to quit Italy, that great general inveighed bitterly against the malice of his enemies; who now openly and avowedly recalled him from Italy; out of which they had long before endeavoured to drag him, by constantly refusing him any supply, either of men or money; that

Helvetian vales!* where Freedom fix'd her sway,
And all the social virtues loved to stray;
Soft blissful seats of undisturb'd repose,
Revered, for ages, by contending foes,

Hannibal affirmed he was not conquered by the Romans, whom he had so often defeated, but by the calumny and envy of the opposite party in the senate: that Scipio would not have so much reason to plume himself upon the ignominy of his return, as his enemy Hanno; who was so implacably bent upon the destruction of the Barcan family, that since he was not able to crush it by any other means, he had at last accomplished it, though by the ruin of Carthage itself.

* Since the time of Francis I. the Swiss Cantons have been the friends and allies of France. Their manners were simple, and untainted with luxury; their minds were as enlightened as those of any people in Europe; their religion was mild; their attachment to their government was strong; and they loved their country with a degree of tenderness and enthusiasm which scarcely any other nation has ever displayed. In a word, they were brave, well-informed, virtuous, and happy. Yet this delightful paradise, these peaceful regions, were destined to become a scene of rapine and of blood.

Though the plots and machinatons of the French had divided the Swiss, previously to their infamous and unprovoked invasion of that country, nothing but force could oblige the latter to surrender their independence. Had the French paid any regard to the law of nations, had they acted like men of honour, had they not had recourse to the most atrocious artifices, the Swiss would have made a formidable resistance. The common people were not so easily seduced as in other nations: they were indeed deceived; but when they saw that nothing but conquest and plunder could satisfy the French, they made a noble and gallant defence. The old and the young exerted themselves to the utmost. Even the women displayed the most heroick courage, and performed prodigies of valour. But the unfortunate Swiss were overpowered by superiority of numbers; they were massacred in thousands; and the remainder were scattered, and compelled to yield. The French committed the most wanton barbarities. They laid the towns and villages in ashes; confiscated the ecclesiastical and feudal property; destroyed the liberty of the press; demanded a requisition of young men; ravished, and, in many instances murdered, the women; and turned the beautiful and happy country of Switzerland into a desert!

What envious demon, ranging to destroy,
Has marr'd your sports, and closed your songs of joy?
What horrid yells the affrighted ear assail!
What screams of terror load the passing gale!
See ruffian hordes with tiger-rage advance,
The shame of manhood, and the boast of France!
See trampled, crush'd, and torn, in lustful strife,
The loathing virgin, and indignant wife!
While wanton carnage sweeps each crowded wood,
And all the mountain torrents swell with blood!
Lo! where yon cliff projects its length of shade
O'er fields of death, some wounded chief is laid!
Around the desolated scene he throws
A look, that speaks insufferable woes;
Then starting from his trance of dumb despair,
Thus vents his anguish to the fleeting air:—
" Dear native hills, amidst whose woodland maze
I pass'd the tranquil morning of my days,
On whose green tops malignant planets scowl,
Where hell-hounds ravage, and the furies howl;
Though changed, deform'd, still, still ye meet my view,
Ye still are left to hear my last adieu!
My friends, my children! gored with many a wound,
Whose mangled bodies strew the ensanguined ground,
To parch and stiffen in the blaze of day,
Consign'd to vultures and to wolves a prey,
Your toils are past; no more ye wake to feel
Lust's savage gripe, or Rapine's reeking steel!

And Thou, to whom my wedded faith was given,
On earth my solace, and my hope in heaven,
Approved in manhood, as in youth adored,
Beloved while living, as in death deplored,
O stay thy flight! around this dreary shore
A moment hover—and we part no more—
O'er thy poor corse thy bleeding husband hangs,
Counts all thy wounds, and feels thy lingering pangs—
O righteous Father! Thou, whose fostering care
Sustains creation, hear my dying prayer!
Look down, look down on this devoted land,
O'er my poor country stretch thy saving hand!
O let the blood, that, steaming to the skies,
Still flows in torrents—let that blood suffice!
To thee the dreadful recompence belongs—
To thy just vengeance I consign my wrongs;—
O vindicate the rights of Nature's sway,
And sweep the monsters from the blushing day!"

APPENDIX.

THE following account is taken, chiefly, from a late publication, consisting, as far as it relates to the present subject, of abridged quotations from the Abbé Baruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism; interspersed occasionally with remarks from the writings of the Marquis de Bouillé, M. Bertrand de Moleville, &c.

In the splendid edition, given by Beaumarchais, of Voltaire's Works, is an immense collection of letters, on a multiplicity of subjects, to and from various persons, with their appropriate addresses and signatures. From this series of correspondence the Abbé Baruel has formed the former part of his Memoirs, and to which he regularly refers. If he has forged, or misquoted, the letters are before the public; and the detection is easy. But no such proof has been brought forward; and for a very obvious reason, because it was not practicable.

In truth, the Abbé is an *alarmist*, in the strictest sense of the word; it is no wonder, therefore, he should have roused the resentment, and provoked the cavils, of *anarchists*. The fact is, he has only methodised and arranged the contents of the letters in question, and of the original writings of the sect of the Illuminati, published by order of the Elector of Bavaria, and given us those reflections and reasonings upon them, which must naturally have occurred. This he has done, in the opinion of the author at least, with great accuracy and judgment; and laid before the public the most astonishing concatenation of diabolical intrigue, sentiments, and machinations, that was ever conceived by the mind of man.

ARTICLE I.

About the year 1730, on his return from England to Paris, Voltaire seems to have first formed the design of overturning the Christian religion. "I am weary," says he, "of hearing that twelve men were sufficient to "establish Christianity. I will prove that one man is able to over-"throw it." In this attempt he was joined by Frederick II. of Prussia, D'Alembert, and Diderot. They digested their plan into a regular form, with the intention of attacking Christianity in every possible direction.

Their first step was to poison the minds of the learned, by disseminating irreligious opinions. In order to conceal their malignant design under the most specious appearances, they made the dose as sweet and palatable as possible, without diminishing its strength. With this view they planned the Encyclopedia; which was to be ushered into the world as the aggregate of human arts and sciences; of divinity, physicks, history, geography, astronomy, or commerce; in a word, of whatever may constitute a science; of poetry, oratory, grammar, painting, architecture, manufactures, &c. This stupendous work was to be undertaken by men the most scientifick and profound that France could produce. Such were their promises; but promises never intended to be fulfilled; while, on the other hand, they had their secret object, which they were determined to accomplish. This was to convert the Encyclopedia into a vast emporium of all the sophisms, errors, or calumnies, which had ever been invented against religion, from the establishment of the first schools of impiety, until the period of their enterprise; and these were to be so artfully concealed, that the reader should insensibly imbibe the poison without the least suspicion. To prevent discovery, the mischief was never to be found where it might be supposed; religion was not only to be respected, but even supported, in all direct discussions; though sometimes the discussion is so handled, that the objection they seem to refute, is more forcibly impressed on the mind of the reader. Their first resource was that of insinuating error and infidelity into those articles commonly deemed least susceptible of them: such, for

example, as history, or natural philosophy; even into chemistry and geography; where such danger could never have been surmised. The second was that of references; their most insidious and favourite expedient; by which, after they had placed some religious truths under the reader's eye, he is tempted to seek further information in articles of a tendency directly contrary. For instance, we shall find the existence of God, free agency, the spirituality of the soul, treated in the style of a Christian philosopher; but a vide *demonstration*, or a vide *corruption*, will be added, to pervert all that had been said: and the articles, to which they more particularly refer the reader, are exactly those, where the doctrine of the deist, the fatalist, or the materialist, is chiefly inculcated.

This extraordinary undertaking being at length completed, all the trumpets sounded, and the journals of the party teemed, with the praises of this literary achievement. The learned themselves were duped. Every one would have an Encyclopedia; and this impious digest was in future to be looked upon as a necessary work. It was to be found in every library, whether in France, or out of it. It was invariably to be referred to. From hence the inexperienced and unsuspicious mind, in quest of science, was to imbibe the poison of infidelity; and the sophist to be furnished with arms against Christianity.

The French Academy was at one time perhaps the most respectable society of learned men in Europe. It was composed of the most eminent poets, the most eloquent orators, and the most illustrious philosophers and historians. Nor were candidates admitted into this society solely on account of abilities, or learning, or taste; a defect in moral character, or any disrespect shewn to religion, was deemed a sufficient reason for excluding men of the greatest talents and reputation. But at length, by the influence of the Duke de Choiseul, and other infidel ministers, with whom the king was surrounded, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, obtained admission. These three men produced so entire a revolution in the academy, that impiety and infidelity, instead of being a reason for excluding members, became the principal motive for admitting them. Thus were the laurels torn from the brow of science and talents, by the hand of impiety. The French Academy, converted into a club of infidels, infected

the men of letters; and these soon perverted the publick opinion, by that torrent of impious productions, which deluged all Europe. In some of these, as Le Militaire Philosophe, De Bon Sens, Les Doutes, &c. the most odious opinions were delivered—that the Universal Cause, the God of the philosophers, of the Jews, and of the Christians, is a mere chimera, a phantom of the imagination;—that the works of nature do not prove the existence of God, for these works are the necessary effects of matter variously modified;—that there is no difference between good and evil, no distinction between virtue and vice, &c. &c. Most of the French ministers, as well as the men of letters, before the revolution, were disciples of Voltaire. Those who were deemed men of learning, as well as those who sat at the helm of the state, being seduced, nothing remained, but to corrupt the common people. A great variety of books, of the most impious description, was written by Voltaire and his associates for this purpose, and dispersed over the kingdom. Whole bales of them were sent to the country booksellers, who received them without knowing from whence they came, being requested only to sell them at a low price.

They next established a secret committee, whose office it was to recommend school-masters to country places, preceptors to great families, and professors to colleges. They kept up a correspondence with the provinces, and even with foreign countries. By these means they were informed of every vacancy that happened in schools or colleges; they knew who were the candidates, what was their character, and what interest was necessary to ensure success to their disciples. Above all, this committee was anxious to obtain for their atheistical converts, the office of superintending the education of princes. By their recommendation, Condilhac and De Leire were made preceptors to the prince of Parma; and they used every method they could devise to prevail upon Louis XVI. to entrust the Dauphin to the care of their pupils. It was from this committee, which had assumed the name of Economists, that those impious books issued which were circulated in France. Voltaire was perpetual president; and the principal members were D'Alembert, Turgot, Condorcet, Diderot, La Harpe, and Lamoignon. From hence were dispatched the philosophists of the day, to dive into mines, to split mountains, or dig up their surface in search of

shells, to trace the travels of the ocean, and to build their epochs. These adepts, rambling in the Alps or the Apennines, are the men who were to discover, as D'Alembert writes to Voltaire, that *the world is more ancient than the Septuagint represents, and to give the lie to Moses.*

The plan of overturning the Christian religion did not terminate with the death of Voltaire and his associates. It was carried on by their disciples with unabated vigor, and at length consummated by the Convention. This assembly first robbed the clergy of the funds which were allowed to them by ancient laws, and for the security of which the public faith had been solemnly pledged. Being stripped of their lawful possessions, 24,000 ecclesiasticks were assassinated, and the rest driven into banishment. Then the Convention abolished the Christian æra, substituting, in its place, the date of the calamities of France. They put an end to the Sunday, one of the most blessed institutions of society; which was a day of rest to the weary, of instruction to the ignorant, of devotion to the pious. By the former of these changes, they evidently intended to destroy the remembrance of the birth of Jesus Christ; and by the latter, to put an end to the commemoration of his resurrection from the dead.

But, lest the people should feel some qualms of conscience, or should tremble at the anticipation of the punishment which awaits the wicked at the day of judgment, it was decreed, and engraved on the tombs of their fathers, that *death is an eternal sleep!* The religion of reason was then proclaimed. In the month of October, 1798, it was determined by the central administration of the Seine, that Paris should be divided into wards, instead of parishes, and that the churches belonging to them should in future be called temples, and be consecrated to Concord, to Genius, to Agriculture, to Old Age, to Youth, to Peace, to Labour, and other abstract words, which have never been deified, except in poetry and Heathen mythology,

ARTICLE II.

On the 1st of May, 1776, a new society was founded, which, if the nature of its principles, and the effects which it produced, be considered, is the most extraordinary perhaps that is recorded in the annals of history. This society, which assumed the name of Illuminati, was planned and founded by Adam Weishaupt, professor of canon law in the University of Ingoldstadt. This man was actuated by an ardent ambition which nothing could restrain. Though bred in obscurity, and excluded from opportunities of rising to sovereign power, he had formed the astonishing plan, not of acquiring the government of a province or a kingdom, but of founding an universal empire. This he proposed to accomplish, not by open force, not by pretending to divine inspiration, but by means more wonderful, and, apparently, more difficult. He proposed to new-model the opinions of mankind, and to sap the foundation of the whole system by which the world is governed. With this view all kingdoms and states were to be overturned; kings and princes destroyed, and religion annihilated. Then, after a complete revolution should be effected, in the opinions and principles of a considerable proportion of mankind, the Illuminati were to rise in arms, and crush those whom they could not convince. Weishaupt was one of those extraordinary men, who can labour with persevering diligence, and wait many years with unwearied patience, for the gradual accomplishment of their schemes. Like Mahomet, he devoted himself to retirement and meditation, for the purpose of arranging and perfecting his plans. In this employment five years of his life were spent. He had observed the great success which the Jesuits derived from their unity and perseverance; and he had remarked how well the secret meetings of mason-lodges were adapted for the propagation of opinions. It occurred to him, that if he could combine the government of the Jesuits with the secrecy of the Freemasons, his plans would infallibly succeed. He therefore proposed to embody, to discipline, and send over the globe, armies of Illuminati, who were to undermine every government and religion; while he, seated on

his imperial throne, wrapped in mystery and silence, should animate, direct, and controul, the conduct of every individual.

The means by which he proposed to acquire this universal empire, were secret societies; certain members of which, after having been properly disciplined and instructed, were to visit the different towns, provinces, and kingdoms, that they might have an opportunity to corrupt all whose character and situation in life might qualify them for promoting the views of the order. Weishaupt had digested his plan with much skill. He intended first to seduce teachers of every description, masters of academies, professors, schoolmasters, tutors, and clergymen; also authors, especially those who were tinctured with the principles of infidelity; printers and booksellers, who might circulate the books which such men should publish, or the order might recommend. Next, he wished to gain over all persons holding civil offices, that by their assistance the political power of the order might be extended: he was anxious likewise to seduce men of opulence, who might contribute their wealth for the propagation of his doctrines; also young men, from eighteen to thirty, of all ranks, who might be trained up as tools of the order; and lastly, the common people in every quarter.

While the young adept was passing through the degrees of preparation, he was accustomed to hear constant declamations upon the excellence of the order; and a mysterious silence was observed to him respecting the superiors of the first rank. Obedience was imposed on him by ceremonies which impressed the imagination with surprise and terror; by oaths which bound his conscience; and by inuring him to actions which tended to produce habits of servile submission. By slow steps he was led to infidelity, to hatred against kings, and all established governments.

The rapidity with which the Illuminati propagated their anarchical and impious tenets, must excite astonishment, regret, and indignation. Before Illuminism had been three years founded, Weishaupt boasted that he had gained a thousand proselytes. Among others, he had seduced all his own pupils. Thus, while parents entrusted their children to his care, and flattered themselves with the hope of receiving them again fully instructed in the

important principles of law, Weishaupt sent them home corrupted in their opinions, and debauched in their principles; the enemies of their country, of law, and government; as a band of conspirators prepared to sow sedition and infidelity wherever they went. Among the converts were many professors of colleges, masters of the post office, and officers in the civil departments of most of the different courts in Germany; but above all, his artifices were directed to the lodges of the free-masons. He considered the masons as game which nature had marked out to him; as an army sufficiently drilled and disciplined, instructed in all the manœuvres and evolutions of his system, and wanting nothing but initiation into his mysteries to diffuse the empire of Illuminism over the world. Animated by these hopes, he became a free-mason; and soon began to exercise his seductive arts. The progress of Illuminism was now rapid. Its contagious principles spread their baneful influence through Bavaria, Franconia, Suabia, Upper and Lower Saxony, Westphalia, Tyrol, and Italy; the cities of Vienna and Berlin were deeply tainted; the lodges of Brussels, the towns of Holland and Livonia swarmed with adepts; and preparation was making to import this pestilence into Britain.

Whether the exultation of success had made the Illuminati lay aside their former caution and reserve, or their increasing numbers had exposed them to the publick eye, it is difficult to say; but in June, 1784, an edict was published by the court of Bavaria, prohibiting all secret societies which were not permitted by law. The Illuminati, however, continued their meetings in defiance of the edict; and answered in writing every attack that was made upon them. Weishaupt conducted himself with much audacity, and was at length dismissed from his professorship at Ingolstadt. Soon after, new discoveries were made; on the 11th of October, 1786, magistrates were ordered to make a strict search in the house of Zwack, at Landshut; others visited the castle of Sanderdorf, belonging to Baron Bassus; both celebrated in the annals of Illuminism. By these visitations a complete discovery was made of the whole plans of the order. A multitude of letters, discourses, rules, plans, and statutes were found, which were afterwards published, by the Elector's command, under the title of Original Writings of the Order and Sect of the Illuminati.

It was from these archives that the Abbé Baruel collected the history of this sect, which he has given in his Memoirs.

In these original writings, these records of villany, a shocking depravity of character is exhibited. It appeared that the adepts were trained up according to the following principles: " When nature lays too heavy a " burden upon us, it is to suicide we are to apply for relief. *Patet exitus*, " *the door is open*, was their cant phrase. The end sanctifies the means. " No prince can save the man who dares to betray us. All kings are " traitors, and all priests rascals. The adept, who wishes to rise to the " highest degrees, must divest himself of the shackles of religion. The " love of one's country is incompatible with the ultimate ends of the order." There were some scraps of paper found, containing receipts for making the *aqua toffana*, the most powerful of all poisons; for procuring abortions, and for poisoning, with fumes, the air of an apartment. There was also found a collection of a hundred and thirty seals of princes, noblemen, and bankers, with the secret of imitating and taking off all those for which the order might have occasion; besides several other detestable papers of the same kind.

When Weishaupt was dismissed from his professorship at Ingolstadt, he retired to Ratisbon, where he carried on his conspiracy with renewed ardour. But on the discovery of the Original Writings, a price was set upon his head, and the regency of Ratisbon no longer ventured to support him. He then made his escape to the court of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, who received him under his protection, and gave him a pension. Twenty of the conspirators were summoned; some of them were dismissed from their employments, and others condemned to a few years imprisonment. The chiefs of the order were now dispersed; but the sect was not destroyed. They were safe as soon as they reached the confines of Bavaria; for the other princes of Germany, though they had received incontestible proofs of the existence and extent of the conspiracy, instead of combining against the adepts, received them as virtuous and persecuted exiles, whom it was their duty to protect. Most of them probably had been brought up in the school of Voltaire, and had naturally a fellow-feeling for these illustrious sufferers. Some of them, indeed, were duped by the Illuminati;

who initiated them into the mysteries, after having pruned them of every thing offensive; while others were deceived by the adepts, who had artfully insinuated themselves into their councils and offices of trust.

Safe in their respective asylums, the chiefs renewed their intrigues. It was proposed that they should assume the government of the literary world; and that no books in future should be published, or at least circulated, except such as might promote the views of the order. A powerful confederacy, called the German Union, was therefore established, under the inspection of twenty-two adepts, whose chief employment was to seduce authors and booksellers. Literary societies, or reading clubs, were to be erected in every town, which should be furnished with libraries composed of those books which the society approved. It was also proposed to publish gazettes and journals, and to blast the character of every periodical paper, and of every book, which did not concur with their projects. In this tyrannical plan of diffusing their pernicious tenets, they were powerfully seconded by Nicholai, a bookseller at Berlin. This man had for a long time carried on an extensive traffick in books of an impious and seditious nature. He had acquired great influence over the German booksellers, by his general commerce, and enjoyed a high degree of power over authors, by the employment which he gave them, and the rank which he had it in his power to bestow upon them in his periodical publications. In the Universal German Library, and Berlin Journal, he abused, in the grossest manner, every production in favour of virtue and religion, and lavished unbounded applause on the Illuminati. Thus Germany was at length over-run with a host of destructive publications. It is affirmed that all the periodical works in Germany, except two or three journals, were in the hands of the confederacy and their associates.

While by such publications attempts were continually made to corrupt the opinions of men, the other sources of instruction were not left uncontaminated. The sect concealed their poison under every form, and blended it with every delicious potion that could enable it to impose upon the unsuspecting. They infused their false principles into history, under the garb of truth; they adorned them with the charms of poetry, that they might fascinate the imagination; they scattered them through romances

and novels; they taught them in songs; they exhibited them in dramatick performances. Hence the inundation of German plays, which of late has deluged this country. But while such productions were circulated with indefatigable zeal, by most of the booksellers in Germany, it was scarcely possible to find a printer or a bookseller, who would print or publish any books, written with the design of confuting the doctrines, and exposing the plans, of the Germanick Union. If an author printed his works at his own expense, the booksellers never offered them to sale; or the printer communicated the manuscript to the chiefs of the confederacy, and the refutation was advertised on the back of the book.

From Germany, Illuminism soon made its way into France, where it produced convulsions far more terrible. The Marquis de Mirabeau happening to be at Brunswick, during his embassy at Berlin, was there initiated into the mysteries of Illuminism. Upon his return to France, he was anxious to introduce his new mysteries among his masonick brethren. The Marquis was persuaded that the season was now arrived when France might be illuminised. He requested, therefore, that a special deputation might be sent from the order to the French lodges. Accordingly two of the chiefs were dispatched on this important business. The two deputies arrived in Paris about the time of the convention of the first assembly of the notables, which met on the 22d February, 1787. This was the most favourable season that could possibly have occurred, for the reception and dissemination of Illuminism in France. The doctrines of liberty and equality had been too successfully diffused among the free-masons; and nothing was wanting to consummate the mystery of iniquity, but the higher doctrines of Weishaupt.

The two deputies were received with open arms. It was determined that the mysteries of Illuminism should be introduced into the French lodges under a masonick form; and the system of masonry was completely changed. Illuminism now began to spread its demoniack influence over the land of France. Lodges were every where multiplied, and the lowest order of the people admitted. The suburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marçeau were crowded with lodges composed of porters and labourers. The peasantry were corrupted in country lodges with the fascinating doctrines

of liberty and equality: and the most worthless of all worthless men, the haughty, the ambitious, the abandoned, Duke of Orleans, initiated the French guards; whom he afterwards employed in storming the palace of his sovereign and relation.

Amidst the innumerable clubs, societies, and lodges, with which France abounded, our attention is necessarily directed to one, which soon obtained sovereign power over the rest, destroyed the French monarchy, and introduced all the calamities which have since overwhelmed France. It held its meetings in the church of those religious called Jacobins, and hence assumed the name by which it is now universally distinguished. The chief members of this club were Mirabeau, Syeyes, Condorcet, Brissot, Petion, the two Lameths, Bailly, Garat, Rabaud, &c. to these were added all the profound adepts both of the capital and the provinces; and almost every one who has been in any degree conspicuous during the French revolution. The Jacobin club, with its affiliated branches, consisted of 300,000 adepts, who were supported by 2,000,000 of men armed with pikes, &c. ready to execute whatever they should command. It was formed of men of the most abandoned character. Their great aim was to obtain the management of the state, in which they too well succeeded. Thus in a short time this notorious club obtained the sovereignty of France. For its success it was indebted to the instructions of the Illuminati, who communicated those plans of seduction and conspiracy which overturned the government, laws, and religion of France, and which have since been directed against the whole world.

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